

answer the great question which life has asked of her:

What is love?

Suppose somebody should ask you that question all of sudden, wouldn't you flounder and stutter and perhaps say as the girl's fiance did, "Why love is love—that's all. What a silly question!" and change the subject? Well that's what the people in the play do at first, but when they see how much in earnest their little Lucy is they try to tell her.

This is what her sister-in-law says:

"It's just a sort of magnetic thrill that goes through you like—like an apple toddy starts at your finger tips and goes on till it makes your toes tingle—and then starts on the return trip gathering volume as it travels till it envelops your whole world in a sunburst of joy!"

Next Lucy confers with Cora, the little nursemaid who takes care of her sister's baby. Cora, who appears not to be more than 17, and confesses that she "has never loved the limit—yet," describes the feeling of kissing by saying: "I was scared to death but afraid to run! I was ashamed—sort of glad-ashamed!"

Then Lucy, remembering the kiss from the man to whom she is NOT engaged, interrupted: "And your face grew hot, and your heart beat suffocatingly, and your hand ached to grip his hand tight, didn't it?"

In the very charming second act of the play which has set us all to asking what love is, Lucy, at bay between the two men who seek possession of her heart, turns on them both and calls upon their assembled families to tell her what they know of love.

When she asks her eternal question, "What do you mean by love?" of the choleric old judge, whose son she is engaged to marry, he replies, "Why I mean—what people generally—when they are—matrimonially inclined—um—um—when they exchange views and experiences about the—um—matter—passion—the di-

vine afflatus—What do you ask me such a question for anyhow? I'm not in love—I'm married."

The father of Bobby Hoyt, the young fellow Lucy really loves, has no better luck with his definition.

"Love," he stammered, "love used to impress me as something—as something which made a fellow feel funny and act foolish. How's that?"

Of course that description of a man's feelings doesn't help the bewildered Lucy very much and she turns to his wife, who says:

"Love is a miracle beyond words, its thrill beyond analysis. I know that this great instinct, Love, partakes of human qualities as well as spiritual—of intellectual comradeship and physical attraction—one with its pride, the other with its subtle spell. Love is reverence balancing desire."

"Love," interrupts the judge's wife, "is but the perfume, the flower of a man's life, but it is the dynamo of a woman's soul—and when love goes wrong the light goes out of her life—not to return!"

What is love? Do any of these definitions satisfy you?

HERE'S HOPING SO

We marvel over our morning paper at a 6-year-old curly head being picked up out of the wrecked aeroplane brought to earth near St. Quentin by French marksmanship, and as we speculate on what mad freak of war took this innocent child on so desperate a venture, we hope that his wounds are not serious.—Leslie's.

So do we. We sincerely hope this German infantile aviator fully recovers. If it does, the French can show their magnanimity by restoring to it its head. This should be done promptly, however. Nothing could be sadder than to have the child live on and on to maturity and have a 6-year-old head restored to it. Speculation on such a mad freak of war would be no name for it.